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COMIC OPERA

IN THREE ACTS.

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**FATINITZA.**

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Music by . . .

FRANZ VON SUPPE.

AS PERFORMED AT

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1885.

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# FATINITZA.

A Comic Opera

IN THREE ACTS.

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MUSIC BY

FRANZ VON SUPPÉ.

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PUBLISHED AT

THE THEATRE TICKET OFFICE, No. 111 BROADWAY,  
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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VLADIMIR, } *a Young Russian Lieutenant.*  
 FATINITZA, }  
 PRINCESS LYDIA, *Niece of the Count.*  
 COUNT TIMOFEY KANTSCHAKOFF, *a*  
*Russian General.*  
 YFFIZ PASHA, *Governor of the Turkish Fort*  
*Isaksha.*  
 WASILI, *Captain of Russian Infantry.*  
 OSIPP, *Lieutenant.*  
 STEIPANN, *Sergeant.*  
 JULIAN, *a Special Newspaper Correspondent.*  
 HASSAN BEY, *Leader of the Bashi-Bazouks.*

IVAN,  
 NIKOPHOR, } *Russian Cadets.*  
 FEODOR,  
 DIMITRI,  
 NOURMAHAL,  
 ZULEIKA, } *Yffiz Pasha's Wives.*  
 DIONA,  
 BESEIKA,  
 MUSTAPHA, *Guard of the Harem.*  
 WINKA, *a Bulgarian Spy.*  
 HANNA, *his Wife.*  
 ADJUTANT.

*Russian Soldiers, Bashi-Bazouks, Cossacks, Moorish Women, Nubian Slaves, Russian Serfs, Sleigh Drivers, etc., etc., etc.*

## A R G U M E N T .

A HANDSOME and very youthful lieutenant of a Circassian regiment in the Russian army, named Vladimir Samoiloff, while masquerading in girl's dress under the name of Fatinitza, is met by a rough old general, Count Timofey Kantschakoff, who falls violently in love with him. Vladimir extricates himself from this dilemma, and afterwards, in Odessa, meets the general's niece, the Princess Lydia Ivanovna, whom he knows only as Lydia; and the two form a romantic attachment. Hearing of this, the old general has the young officer transferred to the outposts of the Russian army on the Danube.

The piece opens with a scene in camp before Rustchuk. After some characteristic military scenes, during which Vladimir tells the story of his love for Lydia, an American newspaper special correspondent, Julian Hardy, the good genius of about everybody in the piece, is brought on by the Cossacks as a spy, but is recognized by Vladimir as an old friend. To relieve the *cunni* of camp-life, he proposes that they have some private theatricals,—a suggestion which is hailed with delight. Vladimir agrees to play the “leading lady;” and, while all the company has retired to dress for the rehearsal, Gen. Kantschakoff arrives unexpectedly. He pounces upon Julian, who escapes by showing his passports, and quite gets the better of the old general by his professional impudence. Vladimir then comes on in peasant-girl's attire, and is recognized by the general as his first and only love, Fatinitza. Then come the cadets, soldiers, and officers, disguised in all sorts of absurd costumes, to the great astonishment and intense rage of the general, who is, however, conciliated by the pretended Fatinitza, who coaxes him to let the offenders go. Glad to be left alone with his love, the general orders them off to drill; but his love-making is interrupted by the announcement of the arrival of his niece, the Princess Lydia, whose noble rank is thus first revealed to Vladimir, who fears recognition in his disguise. Complications are again smoothed over by the correspondent, who explains the resemblance by telling the princess that Fatinitza is her lover Vladimir's sister. The general commends Fatinitza to the princess, and goes

off to inspect the troops. A band of Bashi-Bazouks then steal upon the scene, surprise the Russian works, and capture the princess, Vladimir, and Julian; leaving the latter behind, however, to arrange for ransom for their captives. Just as they are going, the Russian troops return, but are prevented from firing upon the retreating Turks by the General, for fear that they “might hit Fatinitza!”

The second Act shows us the harem of the reform Turk, Yffiz Pasha, the governor of the Turkish fortress; and there are some comical scenes with his family of four wives. Vladimir, still in woman's guise, and Lydia are brought in as captives; and the Pasha announces to his four “better halves” that he is about to add Lydia to their number, much to their vexation. Then comes Julian, with the Russian Sergeant Steipann, to arrange for the release of the captives. The Pasha is willing to give up Fatinitza, but refuses to part with Lydia. Steipann is despatched to carry the Pasha's terms to the General, with a secret message from Julian telling how he can surprise the Turks with his army; Julian having obtained the knowledge from Vladimir, who, in a previous scene, has declared his identity to Lydia, and also to the four wives, whom he persuades to abet their escape. Julian is left as the guest of the Pasha, and the two have a jolly time together. A “Karagois,” or Turkish shadow-pantomime, is gotten up for the entertainment of the stragglers; but it is given an unlooked-for conclusion by the arrival of the Russians, who come to rescue their friends.

The third Act takes place in the General's summer palace near Odessa. The princess has been promised by the General to a maimed and crippled old friend of his; but Julian arrives with Vladimir, and, through the ingenuity of the former, matters are smoothed over, and the General, who finds in the Fatinitza whose coming he has been impatiently expecting nothing but a veiled negress bearing that name is made to believe that the real Fatinitza has died of grief at her separation from him, so he consents to the union of her brother Vladimir, whom she commits to his care in a parting letter, with his niece.

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# FATINITZA.

## ACT I.

SCENE.—*Russian encampment on the Danube. Snow everywhere. River at back, and Fortress of Isaksha beyond. Huts. Soldiers discovered sleeping. Sergeant STEIPANN sits writing. Sentinel on Redoubt.*

### INTRODUCTION.

GUARDS. Who goes there? All's well! All's well!

STEIP. Awake! You sluggards all, arise!  
The morn is in the skies.

Sound the call. Sound the call!  
Come, bugler, come. Let beat of drum  
Prepare to sound the call.

Hear ye not their invitation?  
Greet the notes with acclamation,  
Greet the morning, slumber scorning:  
The call obey. Get ready, pray, to hail  
the day.

Snow, snow, high and low—  
Shines all before us:—

Here, there, everywhere,  
Fast gathers o'er us.

Snow, snow, hides from the foe  
Our pathless track,  
Miles round—hark to the sound!

The ice-fields crack,  
When the north-wind howls and raves  
All its force the warrior braves.

His days, his nights, his very life,  
He spends amidst this elemental strife.

But, unless I be mistaken,  
Those cadets I must awaken.

Are they still asleep, I wonder?  
What was that—caught me pat?

Ha, blood and thunder!  
What was that?

*Enter Cadets.*

### ENSEMBLE.

STEIP. These monkey tricks I will not hear;  
You shall rue all you do.

Of my revenge beware!  
Stop! No more! Pray give o'er;

The day is yours. I beg to yield.  
A truce I cry, and quit the field.

Nay, four to one is hardly fair;  
A speedy peace I now declare.

No more. Give o'er!  
Hold, hold, I pray! Come, cease your  
play,

No more can I the strife renew;  
With might and main for peace I sue.

I own that you are far too strong;  
To you the victor's spoils belong.

CADETS. Ha! ha! ha! Come, each and all,  
hurrah!

No shrinking—no blinking.

Our foe is there; your arms prepare—

We'll meet him—and greet him

With all the strength we have to spare.

Come, fire away, and win the day.

Hurrah!

Snow, snow, high and low—

Shines all before us, etc.

[STEIPANN runs off.]

*Enter OSIPP.*

CADETS. The Lieutenant! Hurrah for the  
Lieutenant!

OSIPP. Hullo, you young rascals! What are  
you all up to down there?

IVAN. Attention! Good morning, Lieutenant  
Osipp.

CADETS. Good morning, Lieutenant Osipp!

OSIPP. Good morning, bad boys! Pray what's  
the meaning of all this hullabaloo? Please to  
recollect that you are no longer in the school  
playground.

IVAN. Pardon us this once. It was only a  
little harmless recreation, Lieutenant.

OSIPP. Well, well; I'm not half so angry as  
I ought to be. It's not lively work, after all, to  
be boxed up in this wretched place.

IVAN. And with scarcely anything to eat.

FEOD. And even less to drink.

NIKO. No operas to go to.

DIM. Nor a pretty woman to dance with.

OSIPP. A woman? You little shrimp, you  
must be thinking about your nurse. Tell me,  
victim of the softer sex, do you happen to have  
your spirit-flask about you? My own is empty.

DIM. Alas! Mine is empty also.

IVAN. Bravo! Just at the right moment.  
Here comes the provision-monger.

*Enter WINKA and HANNA.*

WINKA. [*singing.*] Who's for Vodka? Pray  
come here,

Winka sells the best of cheer.

CHORUS. Bravo, Vodki!

OSIPP. Well, good fellow, and what news do you bring us of the Turks over yonder?

WINKA. Not a scrap, Field Marshal. Yet stay! Would you believe it? They made an attempt yesterday to cross the Danube.

OSIPP. Well, go on.

WINKA. Ha, ha! If you could see the holes in the ice upon the other side of the river.

DIM. Then it was only the weakness of the ice that saved us from an attack.

WINKA. An attack? You know that they number only four hundred men yonder.

DIM. Twice as many as ourselves, confound them.

WASI. Dimitri Fedorovitch!

ALL. The Captain!

WINKA. Twice as many? That's all I wanted to know.

WASI. [to DIM.] Three days' barracks, young man, for your foolish indiscretion.

DIM. Oh, Captain!

WASI. Hush, not a word. Right face. March!

[Exit DIMITRI.]

WASI. As for this prying scoundrel, off with him at once—and the woman too. Ivan Alexevitch!

IVAN. Here, Captain.

WASI. How about breakfast? Who is in charge of our commissariat arrangements for to-day?

FEOD. What's to be done? It's Vladimir's turn, but he doesn't seem to turn up.

IVAN. Vladimir, Captain.

WASI. Why is he not here, then? Let him be sent for immediately.

FEOD. Alas! the gentle youth still slumbers.

MICH. No matter. Let us by a sentimental melody drag him from the arms of Morpheus.

CHORUS.

CADETS. Arise, awake, most sound of sleepers.

SOLD. Dzing, ta-ta-ra!

CADETS. Unclose at once thy lazy peepers.

SOLD. Dzing, ta-ta-ra.

CADETS. Fair shines the sun, the morn is clear;

Our soft salute you needs must hear.

[Enter VLADIMIR.]

VLAD. [recit.] Wherefore, friends, did you awake me?

My joys forsake me

When once my dream is o'er.

CHOR. What a shame! Ours the blame.

VLAD. Can I hope to see her more?

CHOR. Tell us *who*. Come, now, do.

VLAD. Happy dream, so bright and fair,

Hast thou left me to despair?

CHOR. Tell us more, we implore.

VLAD. Ne'er again that form divine

Will entrance this heart of mine.

ROMANCE. VLADIMIR.

I.

Lost is the dream that bound me  
In Love's delightful thrall;

That brought fair shapes around me,  
And one more fair than all.

Deceitful Fancy bore me

Amidst a joyful throng,

Where beauty, mirth, and song

Made glad the scene before me.

And still I seemed one face to see,

The dearest on this earth to me,

That thrilled my recollection

With gleams of past affection.

'Tis anguish! 'tis torture! by thrice-cruel  
morn

From such bliss to be torn.

II.

Her tones had all the brightness

That fills the lark's glad lay.

Her steps an airy lightness

That mock'd returning May.

Ah, when will sleep restore me

Those eyes, that radiant air?

Ah, when that form so fair

Will slumber bring before me?

Oh, dreary day, go hence, away.

I long for night—for night I pray.

Ah, since my dream departed,

I linger broken-hearted.

'Tis anguish, etc.

WASI. So it appears, Vladimir, that you have been indulging in some extraordinary dream?

VLAD. Alas, it is too true!

IVAN. Too true? From that sigh I should suspect you of being considerably in love.

VLAD. Over head and ears. As deep as the Danube.

WASI. And the name of the adored one?

VLAD. On that point you must permit me to be silent, captain. I could not bear to breathe it.

DIMI. But *I* could. It's Lydia; because I heard him talking about her in his sleep.

IVAN. You have betrayed your own secret, you see. But who is Lydia? Some theatrical charmer, no doubt.

VLAD. Not at all, I assure you. The lady belongs to the aristocracy. Listen. Riding in Odessa not long ago, I dislocated my foot by a fall from my horse. A lady's carriage was luckily passing. She ordered her servants to place me in it, and drive me to my lodgings. While her carriage was conveying me home, I heard her addressed by her companions as Lydia Ivanovna.

IVAN. Quite a romance. And how did it end?  
VLAD. Scarcely had I recovered sufficiently to move about, when I was ordered here, without rhyme or reason; and from that day to this I have discovered nothing further of my fair benefactress.

OSIPP. And now, as secret for secret is only fair, I don't mind telling you that you were assigned to my regiment by the private instructions of a personage of high military rank, who had reason to fear that his ward had fallen in love with you.



VLAD. In love—Lydia? Confusion! To be banished at such a time.

IVAN. And to such a place. Poor Vladimir!

## ENSEMBLE.

STEIP. Who is here?

COS. A spy—a spy!

STEIP. A lucky catch.

COS. [*To JULIAN.*] Prepare to die.

JUL. My kind but hasty friends—

CHOR. Here all your mischief ends.

JUL. I've willingly obeyed—

CHOR. Your final plot is laid.

JUL. Your orders to the present time.

CHOR. You soon shall expiate your crime.

Hang the traitor!

JUL. I have no doubt you mean me well,

But what you say I cannot tell.

CHOR. March, to your doom!

VLAD. [*JULIAN.*] Yes, 'tis he!

JUL. [*VLAD.*] Can it be?

CHOR. What's this we see? How can it be?

VLAD. [*JULIAN.*] Julian de Witt, a journalist well tried, and friendly to our side.

JUL. A message from my editor (I should have said before) has brought me here as Special Correspondent at the Seat of War; but I prefer to simply call myself Reporter—nothing more.

CHOR. A reporter! What is that?

JUL. A reporter is a man—

Stay, I'll tell you if I can;

List awhile to me.

## SONG.

JUL. With my note-book in my hand,

Through this universe I roam;

Let me be on sea or land,

I can make myself at home.

I go seeking high and low

All my reader wants to know.

In the doings of the day

I am thoroughly *au fait*.

When my editor decrees,

I can spin him a report

On whatever he may please—

Long, or medium, or short.

From this free and easy quill—

Only seat me at my desk—

You may order what you will,

Grave, or gay, or picturesque.

When I kill, through error purely,

Some great person prematurely—

I next day retract the fiction

With a graceful contradiction.

Royal nuptials to describe,

I am first in all my tribe;

Race or flow'r-show, feast or ball,

Mine's the pen to paint them all.

As a critic of the stage,

It is properly confes'd,

That in all the present age,

I am probably the best.

You may watch me of a night,

Looking daggers at a play;

Though I generally write

In a laudatory way.

When some crime affrights the town,

Soon I clap the details down;

Adding, when fresh news I lack,

"The Police are on the track!"

They arouse me nearly nightly

To attend some dreadful fire;

When my brain is not so sprightly

As the incidents require.

I have journeyed in a diving-bell,

And up in a balloon as well;

One day there is no knowing

Where the next I shall be going.

All I hear and all I see

Quite incredible would be,

Where I go and what I do

Is as strange as it is true,

With my note-book, etc.

All the reporters hail me their master;

I'm the very paragon of useful men.

Daily and nightly, faster and faster,

Ever goes my rough and ready pen.

For I never, never tire—whatsoever they require;

From a marriage to a murder, I am all you can desire.

CHOR. Who does not long to lead a life

So full of joy, so full of strife?

JUL. Why, what a splendid letter all this will make for my paper. I can already see the headings in type. "Capture of our Special Correspondent by Cossacks of the Don;" "Heroic but Futile Resistance;" "Carried to head-quarters on a Tartar of the Ukraine Breed;" "Polite Reception by the Commanding Officer;" "Gorgeous Banquet," etc., etc. By Jove, Sir, I can't possibly do it under a column and a half.

IVAN. I see, Sir, that you have kept an eye on business during this little adventure. But I am afraid the "gorgeous banquet" would be rather too daring a stretch of imagination. We ourselves are nearly starving.

JUL. So much the worse; but I shall not mutilate my heading on that account. You little know the inventive powers of a War Correspondent. Read my letter when it comes out, and you'll be astonished at the sumptuous feast you've put before me.

*Enter COOK.*

OSIPP. The Ischtschi is ready!

ALL. Ischtschi!

JUL. Perhaps a glass of Allasch would be an improvement?

VLAD. The very word makes my mouth water. But how to get it in this wilderness of snow?

JUL. I've a couple of bottles in my trunk.

OFFICERS. Allasch! Allasch!

VLAD. My dear friend, you are a public benefactor.

WASI. What guiding star brought you into these inhospitable quarters?

JUL. Guiding star! My editor. I am to observe the movements of the Turks.

VLAD. And what movements have you observed hitherto?

JUL. Well, I was looking through my telescope when I saw a fellow standing on the bank of the Danube doing this.

WASI. Then you can only report that they are suffering from the cold.

JUL. Nonsense! you don't understand our business. This is how I shall put it: "From personal observation I am able to report that the Turkish army is on the move and is about to embrace an early opportunity."

WASI. Well, gentlemen, let us drink to our guest.

OFFICERS. Bravo!

DIM. Down with him! Why am I left here to starve in the midst of plenty?

WASI. Well, you may come out. I forgive you this time. The most indiscreet young tattler in the army.

JUL. Indiscretion is a fault that we reporters easily forgive. And now, gentlemen, let recreation be the order of the day. How do you relieve the dullness of camp life here?

VLAD. By going to sleep when the Turks will allow us—which is not often; and by playing whist when we have any money—which is hardly ever.

JUL. Not any music or dancing? Are there no ladies within ten miles of your encampment?

DIM. Except the gypsies we have not seen a female for three months.

JUL. That must be pleasant for our friend Vladimir—a second Don Juan—the hero of one of the most interesting romances.

OSIPP. Yes, we know, Lydia!

JUL. Lydia? Not at all. If I recollect rightly it was Katinka.

VLAD. Hush, please! Katinka was another.

ALL. Long live Katinka.

IVAN. You have not wasted your time. Come, let us hear all about it.

JUL. I can give you full particulars. Katinka is the lovely wife of an elderly diplomatist, who—

VLAD. Stay, Julian, I would rather tell the story myself. I dread the exaggerations of this professional scandal-monger. One day I received a letter from her, saying: "My husband is going to London, and I to Tauris. My companion has fallen so ill that she cannot travel with me. Can you find anybody with sufficient prudence and devotion to replace her?"

WASI. The hint was broad enough, at all events.

VLAD. I needed no second one. Female attire was easily procured, and the Countess Katinka departed with her new companion, Fatinitza.

DIM. *Alias* a promising lieutenant in the Russian cavalry.

VLAD. On the evening of our arrival a car-

riage dashed into the courtyard, out of which tumbled—

WASI. The husband?

VLAD. No, his brother—a Polar bear in uniform; an officer of the highest rank, and on a long visit, confound him! To fall madly in love with your humble servant was the work of a moment.

DIM. You must have looked remarkably pretty in petticoats, Vladimir.

VLAD. Just what the old fool was always telling me. I bore it pretty patiently as long as I could; but at last the fair Fatinitza had to fly from his persecution—or, to tell the truth, from fear of discovery.

IVAN. So the Countess lost a charming companion—

VLAD. And the Tcherkoff regiment regained a tolerably efficient officer.

JUL. It would almost make a play, that adventure of yours. By-the-bye, why don't you improvise a theatre here?

IVAN. Without ladies?

JUL. Of course. The Zouaves play their pieces without any feminine help. And look here. Have we not Fatinitza to assist us?

ALL. Bravo! Bravo!

IVAN. May we, Captain? We are so dull.

WASI. What folly! The whole army would laugh at us.

CADETS. Oh, do let us act plays, Captain.

WASI. Well, make fools of yourselves if you must.

VLAD. [*to JUL.*] But what can we play?

JUL. Leave it all to me.

DIM. I'm sure he carries half-a-dozen comedies in that inexhaustible machine.

JUL. A domestic drama, dedicated by the author to myself: "Treachery in the Letter Box; or, the Postman's Revenge." And now for your dresses. My entire stock of civilian garments is at your service.

VLAD. But I—the leading lady—what good are these to *me*?

DIM. Try one of our old cloaks and the cook's apron.

STEIP. Stay; I can do better than that for you. At the last village plundered, I found all this woman's finery lying about.

JUL. Splendid! Dress rehearsal in half-an-hour. First performance to-morrow afternoon. Theatre of War to be illuminated by real snow! I am stage-manager and leading critic. Trust me for a first-rate notice of the new piece.

ENSEMBLE.

JUL. All the reporters hail me their master, etc.

CHOR. 'Tis strange indeed, and such a life, etc.

JUL. Come, haste away; no more delay.

Your manager you see.

STEIP. Your prompter I will be.

WASI. The heavy father I.

FEOD. In chorus I can try.

IVAN. I'll be the comic swell.

OSIPP. I'll play the villain well.

JUL. Agreed on: so lead on.

And hark! to make your audience cheery,  
 And keep the waits from growing dreary—  
 Our drums and brass with martial strain  
 Will make the welkin roar again.  
 Excuse all—great and small—  
 And be quick to meet the call.

STEIP. The Manager tells me I am to copy out the parts, and my fingers are all but frost-bitten. Let us apply a little warmth internally. Ha! That's equal to an extra blanket. Now for business. What's all this? "Susanna discovered alone, seated on a couch and bathed in tears." Dear me! the poor lady seems to have got into hot water pretty early. "Here is my husband's portrait. Is it not strange that the more I gaze upon this picture the less I care for the original of it?" Burr! getting colder and colder every minute. Empty again? Disgusting. But I think I've a flask in reserve somewhere. [*Rises.*] I begin to pity that poor husband, upon my word.

*Enter KANTSCHAKOFF, Adjutant and two Cossacks.*

SONG. KANTSCHAKOFF.

Thunder! Lightning! Who goes there?  
 Potstansend! what a way to treat me.  
 Sapperment! I declare,  
 There's not one officer to greet me.  
 My indignation with consternation all be-  
 ware,  
 I'm General Kantschakoff.

I.

Enemy or friend, all fear me.  
 All dread me, revere me.  
 When anybody dares come near me  
 He trembles to hear me.  
 Hero-like in form and features,  
 Born to rule my fellow creatures;—  
 Let them only dare gainsay me,  
 Soon I make them all obey me.  
 If they pause, through fear or doubt,  
 I breathe one word—the Knout!  
 A little warning,  
 That nobody could think of ever scorning.  
 A high and mighty General am I—Kant-  
 schakoff.

II.

Ever in the combat sharing;  
 For conquest preparing;  
 Of military deeds of daring  
 My praises declaring.  
 When the fight is fierce and stormy—  
 When I see the foe before me—  
 If, to glory's name a stranger,  
 Some poltroon should fly from danger,  
 Let me find the scoundrel out;—  
 I breathe one word—the Knout.  
 A little warning, &c.

*Enter STEIPANN.*

STEIP. [KANTS.] Confusion! The General.

KANTS. Your name?

STEIP. Steipann Sidorovitch, your Excellency,

Sergeant and orderly-clerk in the Russian In-  
 fantry.

KANTS. Your papers?

STEIP. Here, your Excellency.

KANTS. Pay list. Forage statement. Rank  
 and file list. Good.

STEIP. I trust the handwriting meets your  
 Excellency's approval.

KANTS. Silence! Ha! What is all this?  
 "Here is my husband's portrait. Is it not  
 strange that the more I gaze upon his picture,  
 the less I care for the original of it?" Fire and  
 furies! What confounded rubbish have I got  
 hold of here? Adjutant! A hundred strokes  
 instantly for this insolent miscreant.

STEIP. Oh, General, as you are strong, be  
 merciful.

KANTS. Not another word. Away with him!  
 I'll teach the scoundrel to play practical jokes  
 upon General Kantschakoff.

*Enter JULIAN from hut.*

JUL. Everything is going on swimmingly.  
 As for Vladimir, he is positively bewitching.

KANTS. Ha! What is this? A civilian—a  
 spy! Here, Adjutant, two hundred for this  
 fellow.

JUL. But excuse me, old pepper-castor, I  
 happen to be—

KANTS. Hold your tongue. Punishment first,  
 explanation afterwards.

JUL. Nonsense. Here's my pass, General.

KANTS. Signed by the Marshal, too. Humph!  
 You've had a narrow escape, Sir. But as for  
 that other villain—off with him. You heard my  
 orders. A full hundred, mind.

STEIP. Mercy! Mercy!

JUL. A hundred? The knout? Oh, I can't  
 stand this. I'll go and fetch Vladimir and the  
 rest of them.

KANTS. Halt!

JUL. With pleasure. But may I ask whom I  
 have the honor of obeying?

KANTS. You may. I am the Count Timofey  
 Kantschakoff. And you?

JUL. A special correspondent.

KANTS. I suppose you come here to betray  
 our movements to the enemy? We want no  
 foreign spies at our outposts, and I shall have  
 you marched off to Jassy between a couple of  
 Cossacks.

JUL. But I prefer staying where I am, Count.

KANTS. Yes, to pounce upon the first paltry  
 little mistake I may happen to make.

JUL. You can prevent that by making no  
 paltry little mistakes. And remember that  
 military mistakes are sometimes not the worst  
 that one commits.

KANTS. It is too true. Can he suspect my  
 mad infatuation?

JUL. Now to try and save the poor sergeant.  
 [To KANTS.] General, I read in those expres-  
 sive but weather-beaten features, that under a  
 repulsive exterior you carry a warm and gener-  
 ous heart.

KANTS. He gazes at me as though my passion



for Fatinitza were inscribed upon the tip of my nose.

JUL. To that heart I confidently appeal. Shall I do so in vain?

KANTS. We are all human. Each of us has one sensitive spot.

JUL. Sergeants as well as generals.

KANTS. No doubt; and I myself have suffered.

JUL. The deuce! Do they knout their generals when they're naughty?

KANTS. I have known it only once, but still I feel it here. It was my first and only love.

JUL. Love? Sometimes as painful as the other, after all.

KANTS. And she returned it. Yes, my dear sir, I was loved again.

JUL. Who can doubt it, with a face like yours?

KANTS. But, alas! she disappeared; and I have sought her vainly ever since.

*Enter VLADIMIR.*

VLAD. I'm ready at last.

KANTS. Can I believe my eyes? Fatinitza?

VLAD. Oh horror! The Polar Bear.

JUL. *He?* Won't there be an explosion!

KANTS. Fatinitza, my adored one—do I again behold thee? But say, what means this masquerading?

VLAD. Well, Count, I—it is only—

JUL. This young lady has been visiting her brother, Lieutenant Vladimir, of the Teherkoff regiment, and assumed this disguise to travel with greater security.

KANTS. Good. And this brother—where is he?

VLAD. He is—I mean he was—I—

JUL. After a most heroic resistance he was yesterday taken prisoner by the Turks, and his devoted sister is trying to effect a ransom. Trust a Special Correspondent for a brilliant bit of invention.

*Enter WASILI, OSIPP, Cadets, and Soldiers.*

WASI. Don't I look lovely? Dearest niece.

KANTS. Thunder and lightning! Miserable wretch!

WASI. Confusion! The general! I am a dead man. Ready—present!

KANTS. Dog of a captain, this shall cost you your commission.

*Enter STEIPANN, with Adjutant and Cossacks.*

ADJT. Did you say a hundred, Excellency?

KANTS. Double it! And the same punishment for every tenth man in the regiment.

STEIP. Mercy, mercy!

JUL. Now Fatinitza must come to the rescue.

VLAD. I understand. Here goes.

DUETTINO. KANTS. and VLAD.

I.

VLAD. Can'st thou unyielding see before thee?

Can'st thou in anger turn thee away?

Hear, I beseech thee; hear, I implore thee.

'Tis but for pardon these lips would pray.

Clear that brow in gloom so shrouded,  
Lift those eyes so darkly clouded.

If your love be all you say,

My slightest wish you must obey.

Give a smile—a little smile.

Nothing in the world like laughter cheers—

Laugh when any lurking frown appears.

Laugh then, once again, I pray.

Behold the tempest cleared away.

II.

Can'st thou refuse me? Can'st thou deceive me?

Can'st thou remain, dear, deaf while I sing?

Truly and fondly trust and believe me,

Still to the dreams of the past I cling.

With a glance so softly tender,

Hear me thus my heart surrender.

Mercy I would plead again,

Oh, tell me, shall I plead in vain.

Give a smile, etc.

KANTS. Enough; I relent. Mercy shall take the place of justice. For your sake only, dearest Fatinitza. But for the sake of discipline I must make some sort of an example. Captain, two hours' drill for this refractory regiment of yours. Anything to get them out of the way.

WASI. Fall in. Right face. March!

CHORUS.

Snow, snow, high and low—

Shines all before us, etc.

JUL. Here's food for an article! It's a pity I can't sketch the scene in pencil as well as in pen and ink.

VLAD. It's time for me to cast off my borrowed plumes, and assume the lieutenant again.

KANTS. At last we are alone. Oh, Fatinitza!

VLAD. Oh, Count.

KANTS. Call me Timofey. Why this coyness? Let me imprint upon those lips—

VLAD. Not if I know it, after that strong cigar.

KANTS. At least, then, permit me to grace that lovely hand with a dazzling proof of my devotion.

VLAD. Oh, I couldn't. It's too pretty.

KANTS. Now you are my own for life, my own Fatinitza.

VLAD. This is my very first offer of marriage. How on earth am I to get out of all this?

KANTS. And now to seal our bargain. One kiss, dearest.

VLAD. But, your Excellency—

*Enter JULIAN, I.*

JUL. Oh, Count, Count!

KANTS. How dare you disturb me, sir, at such a moment?

VLAD. What a lucky arrival!

JUL. I came to announce that a very grand sledge is approaching at full speed.

KANTS. What is that to me?

JUL. With a very charming lady inside.

KANTS. Good gracious, it's my niece. I had quite forgotten her. The rash child would in-



sist on seeing something of the war from close quarters.

JUL. Then the young lady will—

KANTS. Will be placed in a convent this very day. What has the Princess Lydia Ivanovna to do in a place like this?

VLAD. Lydia? Can it be? [To JULIAN.] Oh, my dear friend, it will all come out now.

JUL. *What* will come out? I don't quite understand.

VLAD. I love Lydia Ivanovna. She is the cause of my being sent here; and she will recognize me even in this dress. What is to be done?

JUL. Trust all to me. I'll soon find my way through it.

*Enter* LYDIA.

QUARTETTE.

LYD. Dearest uncle, pray excuse me;  
But, as danger has its charms,  
I made sure it would amuse me,  
To behold your deeds of arms.

KANTS. 'Twas enough to set you freezing,  
Such a jolt o'er snow and ice.

LYD. Nay, I found it rather pleasing:  
If 'twas naughty, it was nice.  
When the snow a veil is flinging  
O'er the path before us,  
While the bells are ever ringing  
In a joyful chorus.

Away, away;  
Through all the livelong day,  
We fly, we fly,  
Full speed, my guide and I.

VLAD. Ah me, 'tis she! Giddy heart, be  
hushed and still.  
What bliss is this! How her tones  
with rapture thrill.

JUL. Hear, hear! 'Tis clear, she is one who  
knows not fear.

KANTS. Joy dwells and swells in the sound  
of tinkling bells.

LYD. Wrapt in fur so soft and cosy,  
My cares depart, and Life is rosy.  
Grief only seems empty as dreams:  
Pleasure, like sunshine, gladly gleams.  
Riding, gliding, ever ever sliding,  
Swiftly o'er the frost and snow;  
Riding, gliding, ever ever sliding,  
With my trusty guide I go.

When the snow, etc.

VLAD. Thank goodness, she has not yet  
recognized me.

JUL. Don't be nervous. Throw yourself upon  
the Press.

KANTS. Sure protection you shall meet  
In the cloister's calm retreat.

LYD. In a convent! Why and wherefore?  
Say, what would you send me there for?  
Let me stay, since I am here,  
I pray you, uncle dear.

KANTS. The soldier's life of war and strife  
Is hardly one for thee, dear,  
Without a friend to be, dear,  
Thy counsellor and guide.

From war's alarms thy dainty charms  
Protected I will see, dear.  
So keep—for love of me—dear,  
This damsel at thy side.

VLAD. I sink with shame.

JUL. A pretty game!

LYDIA. Am I dreaming? what do I see,  
It is the form—it is the face;  
The fact is of the clearest,  
The features of my dearest  
In her I fondly trace.

VLAD. My star of Hope that shines above  
Hath once again restored her,  
As when I first adored her—  
My own, my only love.

ALL. A singular affair,  
Romantic, I declare,  
Indeed I never heard  
A story so absurd.  
We all of us appear  
To have a puzzle here,  
Will anybody try  
The answer to supply?

LYD. Lieutenant Vladimir you know then?

VLAD. Of course. It is my brother's name.

JUL. This is the sister.

LYD. What a likeness!

KANTS. No twins were e'er so near the same.

LYD. Tell me, where then is your brother?

VLAD. Alas! He is a captive now.

KANTS. On his behalf she ventured here.

LYD. Then his release I hope is near.

JUL. Alas! To hope is mighty well;  
But I foresee small use 'twill be  
Within a convent's lonely cell.

KANTS. Dear Lydia, to the place designed,

'Tis now too late to take you;

But welcome we will make you,

If here to stay inclined.

To drill my troops I must away.

Sound sleep may nature send you.

This fair one will attend you,

Until the dawn of day.

LYD., VAL., JUL. Ha!

KANTS. Though rather cramped for space  
'Twill make a resting-place.

LYD. 'Tis well I doubt not.

VLAD. Good Heavens! I'm dreaming.

JUL. What next, I wonder?

KANTS. Come, why this manner strange?  
A fond caress exchange.

LYD., VLAD. Oh yes, of course, with all my  
heart.

KANTS. Another, 'Tis well.

JUL. He goes ahead, yon soldier bold,  
And leaves his comrade in the cold.

LYD. Not a look shall tell—not a glance  
betray

The emotion that is reigning in my  
breast.

E'en a word I dare not—will not say;  
The tumult shall be felt but uncon-  
fessed.

Cruel-hearted—long departed.  
Thy fair but faithless image haunts me  
night and day.

The form, the face, for ever are before  
me,

Though cruel fate thyself will not re-  
store me.

Ah, tell me why so near and still so far  
away.

VLAD. Can I dare to tell? can I dare betray, etc.  
The form—the face—this moment are  
before me—

The sunlight in a life so sad and stormy.  
Ah, tell me, etc.

JUL. If he dares to tell, etc.

Ah, what a special article I see myself  
inditing,  
A free and easy specimen of rough and  
ready writing.

A gallant young lieutenant, and a high  
and mighty lady,

Both placed in a predicament particu-  
larly shady.

KANTS. Not a look shall tell, etc.

JUL. Fatinitza forgets her brother.

VLAD. On the contrary, she is doing more for  
him than ever. Can you doubt me, dear friend?  
My respect for Lydia is equal to my admira-  
tion. [*Exit with LYDIA.*]

JUL. Be it so; but, for all that, I may as well  
keep an eye upon him. Excuse me, ladies. I  
have left my dressing-case here. [*Exit.*]

*Enter WINKA.*

#### CHORUS.

Let not one word or sound be heard,

As on the fogs we're softly creeping.

But hold your breath—be still as death,

A sharp look-out before us keeping.

Our way we find in dead of night,

Without a star, without a moonbeam's  
light;

When all around is dark and drear,

In quest of prey we march along.

When home returning, full of cheer,

We greet the morn with martial song;

March, march, to plunder or to slay;

Some booty seize 'ere break of day.

Yok, yok, tra la!

#### FINALE.

*Enter LYDIA, VLADIMIR, and JULIAN.*

HASS. Whom have we here?

CHOR. Secure them. As captives we'll ensure  
them.

VLAD. Beware my deadly vengeance, and  
leave us all alone.

CHOR. Ha, ha, ha, ha, this peasant girl as-  
sumes a haughty tone.

VLAD. My wrath beware. The worst I dare.

LYD. } Justice soon this crime will overtake.  
VLAD. }

JUL. Ah, what a lovely leader this affair will  
shortly make.

CHOR. Away, away; and heed not what they  
say.

Away, away. We've seized our lawful prey.  
March, quick march! We need no longer stay.  
No more delay.

LYD. } Oh, stay. Oh, stay. Hear what we  
VLAD. } say.

JUL. I have it here.

LYD. } We will not go. Not so. No, no.  
VLAD. }

LYD. } All your strength we laugh to scorn.  
VLAD. } Here we stop your power defying.

If asunder we be torn

We shall only part in dying.

Naught will we fear.

Vengeance is near.

Yes, prepare to meet the time

When retribution pays your crime.

Thieves are ye that shun the light:

Dogs that only prowl by night.

JUL. A story fine will now be mine.

This gallant youth in woman's dress

Will make a hero on the press.

And this adventure, I declare,

Will sell my paper everywhere.

I'll pen the whole of the burlesque

When calmly seated at the desk.

But as reporter at the seat of war

You never catch me any more.

CHOR. No more we wish to hear.

'Tis time to march—the coast is clear.

And far away we'll bear our prey

Before the envious dawn of day.

HASS. *He shall stay behind.*

The ransom price to find.

JUL. Your humble servant, I'm delighted.

HASS. His tongue perhaps to terms will come.

Ten thousand roubles is the sum.

The slaves will pay that price, I know;

But warn them, should they prove too slow

Our captives to the harem go.

VLAD., LYD. Oh, rage—despair.

JUL. No hope remains.

VLAD., LYD., JUL. Far better slavery and  
chains.

JUL. This adventure is mysterious, but it  
threatens to be serious.

'Twill make a thrilling article, if penn'd  
with proper pains.

*Enter WINKA.*

WINKA. Hush! The Russians!

JUL. Help! Charge! Murder! Prepare to  
receive cavalry! Ready, present, fire!

KANTS. Stay. Cease firing! You might kill  
my Fatinitza!

## ACT II.

SCENE.—*The Harem of YFFIZ PASHA. YFFIZ'S Wives discovered, with female Slaves.*

## TOILET CHORUS.

Washing, dressing, brushing, combing,  
From the dawn until the gloaming,  
Thus to cultivate our beauty,  
Is our duty.—

'Tis to please our master's eye.  
All these little arts we try.

NOUR. One touch more paint will fix my fond  
adorer.

DIO. The slightest, slightest hint of hair-  
restorer.

BES. I think my eyebrows are not blacked  
enough.

ZUL. Come, ply the powder puff.

NOUR. Your touch is far too rough.

DIO. Pray finish me and go.

BES. You seem so very slow.

ZUL. A little black.

NOUR. A little white ;

DIO. A little scent.

BES. You're nearly right.

DIO., BES. Let our labors be suspended,  
For the toilet now is ended.

Washing, dressing, etc.

CHOR. Beauty in perfection,  
Beauty ready made—  
Ready for inspection,  
Ready for parade.

*Enter MUSTAPHA.*

MUS. Mashallah! Still at your fripperies.  
Get ready, all of you. His Highness approaches.

ALL. The Pasha!

MUS. He comes.

*Enter YFFIZ PASHA.*

ZUL. Oh, you pet!

NOUR. You dear!

DIO. You darling!

BES. You love!

YFF. Stay, stay. Let us have something  
like method, ladies. Remember that this is no  
ordinary harem. You see before you the most  
ardent reformer of the age—a compulsory Brigh-  
ham Young; a martyr tied up to four wives  
while he firmly believes that one is more than  
enough. But I suppose the customs of my  
country must be obeyed. Meanwhile, be off,  
every one of you, and leave me to meditate on  
my schemes of progress.

ZUL. What a shame!

NOUR. How cruel!

YFF. Stay. Listen to me before you go. I  
have just made up my mind, ladies, to give you  
a new companion.

NOUR. What, a Number Five?

ZUL. And you a reformer!

DIO. Who is the intruder?

BES. We shall never speak to her.

YFF. Silence! I told you to listen. The  
faithful Hassan Bey has lately captured a couple

of Christian damsels, who are to be presented  
here this morning.

ALL. Christians?

YFF. You forget that I am a reformer. We  
have a great partiality for the Christians. I  
wish to improve, among other things, the con-  
dition of my harem.

SONG. YFFIZ PASHA.

I.

I pine but for progress, reform is my dream ;  
Advancement my watchword, improvement my  
scheme.

This land so benighted I gladly would see  
Like her Western companions—great, glorious,  
and free.

The task I've attempted again and again ;

Yet ev'ry movement  
For her improvement

Has proved moved in vain.

II.

I've lectured on countries where men pass their  
lives

In a state of contentment with less than four  
wives ;

I've warned them they've not paid their debts,  
but they must,

Yet they treat my remonstrance with scornful  
disgust.

I've preached reformation again and again, etc.

NOUR. I can see that you love us no longer.

ZUL. You desert us for another.

DIO. Ungrateful wretch.

BES. Cruel monster.

YFF. Hold your tongues, can't you? Oh, how  
I wish I were not so much married.

MUST. Your highness, Hassan Bey is waiting  
admittance, accompanied by two Christian  
maidens.

YFF. Peace! Be silent, I tell you :—and put  
your veils on immediately. Keep your whip  
ready, Mustapha ; and, if one of them dares to  
stir— [YFFIZ.]

*Enter WINKA, HASSAN BEY, VLADIMIR, and LYDIA.*

HASS. Your highness, behold the captives.

YFF. Stand aside, girl, and let us see your  
mistress. [VLAD.] Humdillah! What a gor-  
geous creature. Star of my existence, reign  
henceforth as ruler of my destiny—Queen of my  
harem. Mustapha, keep those women quiet!  
Let me lead you, fair one, to the seat of honor.

LYD. Back, Sir, I command you!

VLAD. Your highness, perhaps, is not aware  
that this lady, the Princess Lydia Ivanovna, is  
niece to the General who commands on the  
other side of the Danube.

YFF. A General's niece? This is delightful.  
She will be the rarest gem in my matrimonial  
collection.

VLAD. But your Highness will not refuse a  
suitable ransom?

YFF. And pray who is to prevent my re-  
fusing anything I choose, young woman? Come,  
light of my eyes!



LYD. Lost, lost beyond hope!

VLAD. Courage, Princess. You have yet friends, and brave ones, not far away.

HASS. This is the man, your Highness, who pointed out for us the secret paths by means of which we surprised the Russians and secured our prey.

YFF. Good. We will see him rewarded in a princely manner. No doubt a remittance from Constantinople will shortly reach us. It is only seven or eight months in arrear.

WINKA. But—your highness—I am a poor man—of low station—

YFF. And I am a poor man of high station. That's the only difference between us.

WINKA. But I am starving—I am—oh!

YFF. Here, Mustapha, give the poor wretch ten ducats.

WINKA. Oh, your highness—the gratitude of a lifetime—the devotion of—But stop! He's given me only five.

YFF. Quite correct: it's government business. Consider yourself lucky to have dropped only fifty per cent. on the transaction. Go!

WINKA. Swindled again. Oh, these Moslem dogs!

VLAD. And the Russians pay in full—money down.

WINKA. We shall settle accounts yet, Pasha.

[Exit.

YFF. [To LYD.] This Museovite costume is unworthy of you, fair lady. Mustapha, ransack all the resources of the establishment to provide a fitting dress and fitting jewels for your new mistress. And as for you— By the way, what's your name?

VLAD. Vladi—Fatinitza, my lord.

YFF. Stay here, then, Fatinitza; you can assist this lady at her toilet. You others can follow me, and listen to a half-hour's lecture on political economy.

[*Exeunt all but LYDIA and VLAD.*

DUET. VLADIMIR and LYDIA.

VLAD. } New doubts, new fears, within my  
heart contend.

LYD. } Alas! alas! who knows how this  
will end?

LYD. So far from friends and far from home,  
What freak perverse could make me roam?  
In you, dear friend, I now confide;  
Keep always at my side.

VLAD. Though Duty's call would bid me  
speak,

And pardon for my daring seek—

Love makes me silent now,

I dare not breathe my tender vow.

LYD. My dress is here—my jewels too—

Haste then, haste then, do!

Why stand you there?

Begin to braid my hair.

VLAD. Ah me, her beauty drives me bad.

LYD. These pearls, indeed, are not so bad.

VLAD. Now I am ready, madam, quite.

• LYD. Pray dress it right.

Oh dear, oh dear! You're crazed, I fear.

No, no, no, no; 'twill never do,

This task, methinks, will suit you ill,

You must confess, 'tis very true,

You cannot keep one moment still.

VLAD. No, no, no, no; 'twill never do,

This task, methinks, will suit me ill,

I shake, I quake, 'tis very true;

I cannot keep one moment still.

LYD. You are so slow; you must confess,

You're not at all *au fait*,

Some arts you may possess, but putting on  
a dress

Seems scarcely in your way.

VLAD. I am so slow; I must confess, etc.

LYD. Now my head with jewels deck;

Put those pearls around my neck;

Lovely gems without a speck,

See, how they gleam, so beautifully bright!

VLAD. Ah, what a moment of delight!

LYD. These trinkets all are rich and rare.

To make me ready pray prepare.

VLAD. I fly to serve you, lady fair.

LYD. {

No, no, no, etc.

LYD. Say, say, what means that sudden  
start?

VLAD. I must unload my heavy heart;

My secret now shall be confest.

I dare the worst, I hope the best.

LYD. Why turn you thus away?

What mean you? Quickly say.

VLAD. Oh, lady, hear—pray hear;—

'Tis the plea of a sister dear.

Princess, for my sake give ear

To your own Vladimir.

LYD. Can I be dreaming? What are these  
words I hear?

VLAD. In his despair let him not linger;

Lift but a finger, his love he'll declare.

Fearing to breathe a word, to myself he  
confess'd it.

So vain the pow'r of words, they could ne'er  
have express'd it.

Here, here, at your feet so fair,

He longs to paint the depths of his despair.

And this brother—he is near,

My pleading voice to hear.

Oh, speak; for the sound will be

Far sweeter than any of earth or sky.

Give me one glance as I bend the knee

For this lover so faithful—'tis I!

LYD. Ah, what hear I?

I seem—to dream—

Some spell I feel, I know not what.

I try—to fly—

And yet I dare not leave the spot.

VLAD. Some spell I feel, I know not what,

That binds me to the spot.

LYD. I must begone, my dress to don.

VLAD. You must not go and leave me so.

LYD. I cannot trust my awkward maid.

VLAD. Stay here, you must. Why so afraid?

LYD. Nay, nay. Oh, stay.

LYD., VLAD. My heart awakes at the call of  
Love.

Oh, sweetest of pleasures, all joys above.

A world that is bright with unearthly light

Now greets my raptured sight.



VLAD. Stay, I may hope then?

LYD. I should not care

To drive you to despair.

BOTH. Ah, what joy, what deep delight!

NOUR. You are all resolved?

ALL. We are.

ZUL. You will be revenged on this Christian usurper?

ALL. We will.

NOUR., ZUL., BAS., DION. Revenge! revenge!

VLAD. What is all this? For Heaven's sake, be calm, ladies. I can quite appreciate your feelings, but—

NOUR. What! Then you also hate the queen that is to be?

VLAD. Hate her? Quite the reverse.

ZUL. You are envious of her good fortune, perhaps?

VLAD. Not at all, upon my honor. Listen to me for a moment. Only contrive to get that lady and myself safely out of this place, and a hundred thousand piastres shall be divided amongst ye.

NOUR. A hundred thousand piastres!

ZUL. And we shall get rid of both of them.

VLAD. But it must be done at once—this very day; and the money is yours, on the word of an officer and a gentleman.

ALL. An officer?

VLAD. A friend of mine in the Russian service.

ZUL. Whom you love, of course.

VLAD. To distraction. We are scarcely ever apart.

NOUR. Good. But how is this escape to be effected?

VLAD. Easily enough. You have still an influence over the Pasha.

NOUR. It shall be done.

ZUL. Consider yourselves free.

DION. But can we trust you?

BES. You are only a woman, you know.

VLAD. Less than you fancy, perhaps. Let me tell you that the Princess Lydia is adored by a young Russian lieutenant.

NOUR. A Muscovite? Where is he?

VLAD. Nearer than you think. Do you all swear to assist him?

ALL. We swear!

#### SEXTETT.

VLAD. 'Tis well; then learn that this young Russian—is myself.

ALL. A man? Can this be true?

VLAD. It is a fact—a real fact.

ALL. We don't believe it—we can't conceive it.

VLAD. I swear it—declare it.

Like doves they all are fluttered

When that grim word is uttered.

ALL. A living *he* it cannot be.

VLAD. It is awfully absurd

How they dread that little word.

Though the chances appear to be small

I'll try to tame them one and all.

NOUR. Oh dear no; you can't betray

Female eyes by what you say.

Look, your cheeks are like the rose;

Men don't wear such tints as those.

DIONA. Oh dear no; that waist so slim,

Ev'ry curve and ev'ry limb,

All that grace, so well displayed—

Ne'er as yet for man were made.

ZUL. Oh dear no; the light that lies

In those fondly tender eyes,

Only beams in womankind,

And was ne'er for man designed.

BES. Oh dear no; the tempting lips

E'en the ruby's gleam eclipse.

Surely lips as sweet as they

Help to lead mankind astray.

ALL. Oh dear no; you can't betray

Female eyes in such a way.

VLAD. I fear you don't believe me, tho' I speak the simple truth.

Your language plants a scarlet blush upon the cheek of youth.

But, would you have me prove my words, the only way is this:—

Let each in turn oblige me with a kiss.

ALL. Yes, yes, 'twill be the clearest way; the best beyond a doubt.

And, if there be a secret, we can surely find it out.

*Enter* LYDIA, R.

LYD. What is this?

ALL. Here comes the Queen to raise a scene.

Her bold assurance is past endurance.

To thus intrude is very rude,

This new aspirant assumes the tyrant.

Well?

LYD. My duty brings me here. 'Tis time to interfere.

You vainly seek to snare him,

His heart is mine alone,

From me you shall not tear him.

My faithful one, my own.

ALL. Say, Queen, what can you mean?

LYD. Yes, yes, 'tis my own true love.

Oh! pleasure of pleasures, all joys above

What bliss, after parting in fear and pain,

Is the moment of meeting again.

VLAD. I love, and not in vain:

I am beloved again.

LYD. Yes, I love thee; I am thine.

VLAD. *and* LYD. What joy divine is mine to hear

The tender words from lips so dear.

ALL. The state of things we understand,

And mean to lend a helping hand.

Our joint assistance pray command.

LYD. We trust in you

To prove discreetly true.

ALL. When the orb of day hath set,

The muezzin from the minaret

Calls the faithful flock to prayer;

Then for work we must prepare.

Let no skulking spy be near,

Our designs to overhear;

Strive to let the coast be clear.  
Only pray for friendly night  
To aid our (their) timely flight.  
Beg the moon to hide her light,  
Let the clouds conceal us quite  
From mortal sight.

ZUL. Take this useful key I lend you,  
In your need it will befriend you.

BES. Ope the door you find before you,  
Which to freedom will restore you.

NOUR. O'er the river clothed in ice,  
You can scamper in a trice.

ALL. No delay; come, haste away,  
All is done e're break of day.  
When the orb, etc.

Soon our chance we shall see,  
Only let us prudent be.

*Enter MUSTAPHA.*

MUST. All quiet! So much the better. Ad-  
mit the Russian envoy!

*Enter JULIAN and STEIPANN.*

JUL. Salam alaikum! Have I the honor to—  
Eh, how's this? Nobody here?

STEIP. I think I caught sight of a solitary  
Mo-lem just now. Look!

JUL. But I only know three or four words of  
Turkish. However, here goes. Rahat lakoum!  
—Pillau!—Bakschisch!—That will fetch him  
out: it means money.

MUST. Effendi!

JUL. What did I say? Where is your  
master?

MUST. You shall bask in his presence before  
long.

JUL. Good. And in whose presence are we  
basking at this moment, pray?

MUST. I am Mustapha, Chief Guard of the  
Harem.

JUL. Lucky dog. But who comes here?

*Enter VLADIMIR.*

VLAD. Julian's voice? I knew it in a mo-  
ment. And Steipann too? My dear friends,  
you are indeed welcome.

MUST. Back, rash maiden—back this instant,  
or I—

JUL. Hush! Not a syllable. It's my sweet-  
heart.

MUST. Ah!

VLAD. Hold your tongue. I am his only  
sister.

MUST. Oh!

STEIP. Silence! It is the gentleman's wife.

MUST. You don't say so. Sweetheart—sister  
—wife!—Oh, these Muscovites!

VLAD. No. Your scheme of the ransom is  
not a bad one, but I have a better project. Let  
me speak to Steipann a moment. Steipann!

STEIP. Lieutenant! I mean the lovely Fati-  
nitza.

JUL. Let the poor girl talk a little to her long  
lost father.

VLAD. Here is the key.

STEIP. I understand perfectly; and I've  
brought your uniform in case of need.

MUST. Away! I hear the Pasha coming.  
Begone, rash damsel, or—

VLAD. Steipann knows all. Send him back  
to our quarters as quickly as possible.

MUST. Away, I say!

*Enter YFFIZ PASHA.*

MUST. The Envoy, your Highness.

YFF. Giaour, you are welcome. Mustapha,  
Coffee, Chibouk! Be seated, both of you. You  
come, then, stranger, to offer me a ransom for  
one of my prisoners.

JUL. For both, your highness.

YFF. Understand, once for all, that the fair  
Lydia remains with me. What shall we say  
for the other one?

JUL. Two thousand roubles is more than  
enough.

YFF. Nonsense. Double it. Fatinitza's  
worth her weight in gold.

JUL. Well, split the difference, and say three  
thousand. I suppose I can send the sergeant  
across with a message to the general. I've  
nothing like the money about me.

YFF. Mustapha, let yon Giaour be blind-  
folded and escorted as far as the river.

JUL. And, Steipann, tell the General three  
thousand will not be enough. In fact, I leave it  
to his discretion. You understand?

STEIP. Perfectly. Leave it all to me.

YFF. Deign to partake of my hospitality,  
stranger, until the Muscovite's return.

*[Enter Slave.]*

YFF. Champagne!

*[Exit Slave.]*

JUL. Queer tittle for a Mussulman! Pardon  
the inquiry, Pasha, but are not the followers of  
the Prophet forbidden to take wine?

YFF. Strictly; but champagne is only colored  
soda-water.

*[Exeunt.]*

JUL. Health, Pasha!

YFF. Yours. Do you like it, stranger?

JUL. Excellent. But let me remain a stranger  
no longer. I am a traveling journalist, by  
name Julian. My mission is to see everything  
and go everywhere, and put my experience  
down in black and white for the enlightenment  
of my species.

YFF. Shall you put *me* down in black and  
white?

JUL. In all your glory—palace, harem, slaves,  
everything. How I envy you, lucky dog!

YFF. It is all my kismet.

JUL. I beg pardon: your—?

YFF. Kismet. It is the Turkish word for  
fate.

DUETTINO. JULIAN and YFFIZ.

I.

YFF. We are simply what Fortune pleases—

JUL. Borne about on her changing breezes.

YFF. What ev'ry babe on earth will grow to—

JUL. Where ev'ry tiny stream will flow to—

BOTH. That is Fate—Kismet.

YFF. A saint or villain the babe may be,

JUL. The stream will perish or find the sea.

BOTH. 'Tis Fate—Kismet.

BOTH. Since our fortune brings us here,

Let our gratitude shine full clear,  
Fill one glass, good comrade yet.—  
Let us drink to Kismet.

II.

YFF. Though the skies may be frowning o'er us—

JUL. Though the journey be rough before us—

YFF. Ere long, to chide our weak repining,

JUL. The path may clear, the sun be shining.

BOTH. That is Fate—Kismet.

YFF. No soul that liveth is quite forlorn.

JUL. The night came never that brought no  
morn.

BOTH. 'Tis Fate—Kismet!

BOTH. Since our fortune, etc.

JUL. What a pity, old fellow, that the Koran  
forbids you to show me over the Harem.

YFF. But suppose I refuse to be forbidden,  
Sir?

JUL. Why not? What's the good of being a  
Pasha if you can't do as you please? I say, I  
should so like to see those lovely wives of yours.  
Fancy a long article headed "The domestic  
circle of a reformed Moslem."

YFF. What a splendid advertisement! I  
could get almost any price for them after that.  
By the beard of the Prophet, you shall see  
them. But mind, old boy, paws off!

*Enter MUSTAPHA.*

YFF. Produce the women, dog!

SEXTETT.

NOUR. Silver tinklings, ringing brightly,  
From our lord and master call.

Tripping gaily, tripping lightly,  
Let us respond, one and all.

JUL. Why veil that face, and that form full  
of grace?

YFF. 'Tis Nourmahal—'tis my joy, my love.  
'Tis she I prize all the rest above.

ZUL. Silver tinklings, etc.

JUL. A perfect pearl; a most exquisite girl!

YFF. She is a darling; she is a pet—  
So dear a creature you never met.

NOUR. { A nice young man you stranger ap-  
pears,

ZUL. { And words more sweet 'tis rarely one  
hears.

JUL. I've never seen such a sight before.

YFF. But wait awhile—I can show no more.

DIO. Silver tinklings, etc.

JUL. Pasha, what loveliness beams on my  
sight!

YFF. This is Diona, my heart's delight.

BES. Silver tinklings, etc.

JUL. No more, no more! Let me rest, I im-  
plore.

YFF. 'Tis my own Besika, my dearest,  
Whose voice now thou hearest.

JUL. Ah, how I envy the happy lives  
Of you Pashas with lots of wives.

NOUR. { A nice young man, etc.

BES. { He seems as though he dreams.

YFF. Joy, joy! What a mirthful day!  
How shall we pass the hours away

Free, free, as the boundless air,  
Nothing we hear that speaks of care.

Pray say—pray say—

Who of to-morrow can think to-day?

YFF. Ladies all, my worthy friend here

Is a reporter.

Duty alone my friend could send here,

Since the press we all obey,

Please to cast your veils away.

JUL. Ah!

ALL. Joy, joy, etc.

YFF. Oh, say that you love me; come, all of  
you say.

LADIES. Yea, yea!

JUL. It would not be right, your Pasha to  
betray.

LADIES. Nay, nay.

YFF. You cling to virtue?

LADIES. Yea, yea!

JUL. It ne'er can hurt you?

LADIES. Nay, nay!

YFF. You hate flirtation?

LADIES. Yea, yea!

JUL. Court admiration?

LADIES. Nay, nay!

If we always have our way,  
We are happy the livelong day;

For as favored as we

Never mortals can be.

YFF. { Their life is enchantment, by night or  
by day,

JUL. { Thus fleeting in calm and content-  
ment away.

MUS. The festivities your Highness ordered  
are prepared.

JUL. Our troops must be on the march by  
this time.

BALLET DIVERTISEMENT.

*At conclusion, KANTSCHAKOFF, STEIPANN, and  
Soldiers enter.*

KANTS. Surrender. Resistance is hopeless.  
Let nobody stir. Where is Fatinitza?

JUL. She has flown, your Excellency.

KANTS. Fatinitza gone? Dog of a Pasha,  
you shall pay for this. I annex all your wives  
on the spot.

NOUR. What a happy change!

ZUL. Anything's better than a Reformer.

KANTS. As for yourself, Pasha, the knout's in  
pickle for you.

YFF. Oh, Kismet, Kismet!

ENSEMBLE.

LYD. Free, free from our foes at last,  
Danger and fear like dreams are past.

"Home" be our cry—home let us fly.

NOUR. { Hail, hail, to this welcome change;  
BES., ZUL. { Now for a life both bright and  
strange.

DIO. { Gladly we fly; freedom our cry.

YFF. What a fearful upset! It was all my  
Kismet!

KANTS. { We win the day, then; so let's  
away, then;

STEIP. { Our prey to the camp we'll convey  
them.



JUL. } No words we bandy—the knout is  
handy, etc.  
RUSS. Home turn we, a conquering band,  
Back to our cold and frosty land.  
TURKS. Allah ! what grief, what woe, this  
overthrow, etc.

## ACT III.

SCENE.—GENERAL KANTSCHAKOFF'S *Palace in Odessa.* Enter LYDIA with Ladies.

AIR. LYDIA.

Chime, ye bells—abroad your gleeful voices  
flinging ;

New comfort bringing in each glad sound.  
Chime, ye bells ; and spread, by joyously ring-  
ing,

Tidings of peace around.  
If the merry bells would bring to me  
Solace for my heart, what bliss 'twould be.  
Can they not a word of healing spare  
To calm this breast, so filled with care ?  
Why, when all beside are glad,  
Should I alone remain so sad ?  
Why, when ev'ry face is gay,  
Mourn I one so far away ?  
Sweet bells, hear me. Speak to cheer me ;  
Tell me, tell me ; say, oh say !

Enter STEIPANN.

STEIP. A visitor, a visitor ! Hurrah !

ALL. Valdimir ?

STEIP. His best friend, the journalist.

LYD. How fortunate. No doubt he brings  
good news. Admit him instantly.

Enter JULIAN.

JUL. Good news indeed, Princess—I am alive  
and well. Better news—Valdimir is alive and  
well, also. Best news—he is close to this very  
spot.

LYD. Alive ! Thank heaven !

STEIP. My dear young friend, you are the  
prince of newsmongers.

JUL. He sent me here, Princess, to learn  
whether the report is true that your uncle has  
betrothed you to a certain Prince Schverti—

LYD. It is true, but I would sooner perish  
than be false to Vladimir.

JUL. Well said ; and the brave boy deserves  
your constancy. In the hottest of the fight your  
name has been ever on his lips, and stimulated  
him to prodigies of valor. Well, Steipann.  
[To LYD.] And how is the high and mighty  
General, pray ? Let us hope that he has by  
this time forgotten Fatinitza.

LYD. Not at all. Her bright smile haunts  
him still. These ladies, if you remember, were  
her companions in the harem of Yffiz Pasha.

JUL. Of course. How could I forget for a  
moment such lovely faces ?

LYD. Their only occupation here is to remind  
my poor uncle of his lost love.

JUL. So you are actually to be betrothed this  
very day. It was high time for Vladimir and  
myself to come to the rescue.

LYD. And what steps do you propose to take

JUL. Goodness knows ; I don't. Steipann !

STEIP. Here !

JUL. Announce my presence to the General.

STEIP. The General is announcing his own, I  
fancy. Come, ladies, let us get out of his way.

Enter KANTSCHAKOFF.

KANTS. Thunder and lightning, what a pack  
of snails my servants are ? No amount of knout-  
ing seems to do them the least good.—Ha, my  
good friend the journalist ? Welcome to Odessa.  
What brings you here ?

JUL. Spontaneous locomotion. I came in  
with a detachment this morning.

KANTS. Then perhaps you can tell me—But  
stay a moment. I must speak to my niece.  
Lydia !

LYD. Uncle !

KANTS. The Prince Svertikoff is now in the  
reception chamber. Go and give your future  
husband cordial greeting, and don't forget that  
he saved your affectionate Uncle's life just forty  
years ago.

JUL. In that case the boyish lover must be at  
least fifty-eight.

KANTS. You underrate him. Sixty-four. The  
noble fellow lost an eye in rendering me the  
service I spoke of, and a cannon ball nearly  
deprived him of his hearing.

LYD. But I have no taste for battered anti-  
quities, Uncle.

KANTS. Silence, girl. Marry him you must  
and shall.

JUL. You had better obey him, Princess,  
while I remain to try a little conciliation.

JUL. May I ask your Excellency, why this  
obstinate resolve to dispose of the lady against  
her own will ?

KANTS. The reason is contained in one word  
—Fatinitza !

JUL. Ha ! Vladimir would indeed be proud  
of his conquest if he heard this.

KANTS. You remember her mysterious dis-  
appearance from the harem of Yffiz Pasha ?  
Well, I immediately announced a reward of one  
hundred thousand roubles for her discovery.

JUL. Without any result ? I should rather  
think so.

KANTS. Without the slightest, until to day.  
Yes, Winka, the Bulgarian spy, who has long  
been upon the track of my Fatinitza, writes to  
me that he has found her at last.

JUL. The dence he has ! Can Vladimir have  
been masquerading again ? Allow me to con-  
gratulate you, General. Two Fatinitzas. I'll  
be hanged if I understand it.

KANTS. The steamer from Constantinople is  
nearly due. In less than an hour I shall clasp  
my adored one to my heart.

JUL. Do so, General ! if your adored one  
doesn't object.

KANTS. And now you see my motive in  
marrying off Lydia out of the way, and keeping



the coast clear for my own union with Fatinitza. Why don't you congratulate me?

JUL. Oh, I *do*, and most cordially. But I rather think that you intended has a brother.

KANTS. *Had*. The poor young fellow got killed in one of our skirmishes.

JUL. Not at all, I assure you. On the contrary, he has returned covered with glory, and will enter Odessa with a division this very day.

KANTS. Alive? Well, so much the better. My dear young brother-in-law shall be a witness of my happiness.

JUL. The climax approaches. May I fetch him at once, General?

KANTS. Ay, do so. I shall be ready to receive him when I have walked off the effect of my contending emotions. [*Exit, R.*]

JUL. Now for Vladimir. How is all this to end, I wonder?

*Enter LYDIA.*

JUL. Ah, Princess! Calm yourself. He will be here directly.

LYD. Vladimir!

JUL. Do as I direct you, and you shall be man and wife before the day is over.

LYD. Is it possible?

*Enter VLADIMIR.*

TRIO. LYDIA, VLADIMIR, JULIAN.

VLAD. *and* LYD. Again, love, we meet.

What joy, what gladness, what delight!

Kind fortune hath sent this vision sweet

To bless my longing sight.

And hope's loved accents tell my heart

We meet no more to part.

JUL. Pray cease to bill and coo; we've something else to do.

Defer your *tête-à-tête*; you've not seen all your troubles through.

Your uncle is at hand

To spoil what I have plann'd.

VLAD. No pow'r on earth shall interfere

To make me part with Lydia dear.

LYD. E'en death itself, though strong it be,

Shall never part my love and me.

JUL. To talk of death is most romantic,

I've heard that love will drive one frantic.

Your vows could scarce be stronger—

But wait a little longer.

Till the laugh of Jove above

Rewards the perjuries of love.

LYD. We have been so sad and lonely,

Till we met each other now.

We ask two minutes only;

'Tis a boon you *must* allow.

JUL. Yes, I grant what you desire.

LYD. Two minutes only we require.—

At night when all was calm around,

And nature slept without a sound,

When all was hush'd as hush'd could be,

I dreamt of thee!

Upon the sward the moonbeam slept,

The stars alone their night-watch kept.

Yet in my breast

My beating heart was ne'er at rest,

Tick, tack, to and fro, tick, tack, never slow,

Like some spirit-song

Angels chant the whole night long.

ALL. Tick, tack, to and fro, etc.

JUL. Time is up, I must remind you.

What would Lydia's uncle say,

Should His Excellency find you

Going on in such a way!

VLAD. Say, will he then my suit reject?

LYD. No hope from him can you expect.

JUL. Your pray'rs will meet with no effect.

Her uncle admires you;

He calls you Fatinitza,

To wed him he desires you.

VLAD. He seeks me for his bride?

JUL. He seeks you for his bride.

ALL. Ha, ha!

VLAD. Allow me just two minutes, pray.

Reflect—I have so much to say;

So much unsaid before—

'Twill only take two minutes more.

JUL. Two minutes? Well, I grant it;

But not one single second more.

VLAD. My word of honor, Sir, I give,

That I will ask no longer, as I live.

In the thick of the fight

When on the foes we were advancing,

And the sound of the trumpet-call

To the heart was a thrill.—Hurrah!

I could fancy those eyes

Ever in front of me were glancing;

I could fancy that form of thine

Was my talisman still.

And, when the fight was fierce and fast

Still the form—the eyes—were there;

Until at last—the combat past—

All my dream dissolved in air.

Charge, charge! the clarions cry.

See, the standard waves.

Forward, to do or die;

Flight was meant for slaves.

Hark, hark; the bugle's call.

Haste to join the fray;

March one, march all;

May Viet'ry crown the day.

JUL. But hush! Be silent, lady, pray,

Your Uncle can't be far away.

VLAD. Our foe is he, and this will be

The next encounter we shall see.

ALL. Charge, charge, etc. [*Exit LYDIA, R.*]

JUL. Courage, my boy; here comes the General. Prepare to receive cavalry. I'll prompt you if he asks any questions.

*Enter KANTSCHAKOFF.*

KANTS. Ecstasy! Rapture! The steamer is in sight.—Why what is this? Do my eyes deceive me?—Fatinitza?

JUL. Let me introduce to you Lieutenant Vladimir Dimitrovitch of the Tcherkess regiment.

KANTS. Come to my arms, young man. Have you told him all about it?

JUL. Not a word.

KANTS. Then mine shall be the pleasing task.—Lieutenant, in ten minutes I will restore to your arms your long-lost sister, Fatinitza.

VLAD. Nonsense, you're—Oh, I'm so delighted. But how did you find her?

KANTS. In due time you shall know all. Meanwhile I appoint you my *aide-de-camp*, with the rank of Major.

VLAD. Major? Oh, your Excellency!

KANTS. And you shall reside here in the Palace. You shall never leave us. But answer me. Have you any parents?

VLAD. Not a single parent.

KANTS. Then you are the head of the family. Major, allow one to ask the hand of your sister in marriage.

JUL. Say no.

VLAD. But I am so ry to say, General, that she is already betrothed.

KANTS. Pooh, pooh; I'll arrange all that.

VLAD. Impossible.

KANTS. How so? Surely, Sir, you would not compel her to marry any one but myself?

VLAD. Are you not compelling the Princess Lydia to—

KANTS. I am her uncle, sir, her only uncle.

VLAD. And I am Fatinitza's brother.

KANTS. That's true. Thunder and lightning, what's to be done? She must and shall be mine. Can't you settle this for me, my dear friend? Let him ask whatever he pleases in return.

JUL. Out with it. Propose for Lydia.

VLAD. Oh General, if I only dared—

KANTS. What is it, man? Dare away!

VLAD. Well, then, I—I love your niece, and cannot be happy without her.

KANTS. Mercy on us, here's insolence. A paltry Lieutenant—

VLAD. Major, if you please.

KANTS. True, I forgot your promotion. But it cannot be. Lydia is promised to another.

JUL. Look here, gentlemen, the matter can easily be arranged. Let each of you send the other's rival to the right-about.

KANTS. Good. I am sure a deaf old idiot like Svertikoff is not worthy of my niece.

VLAD. And, of course, if you are sure that it is yourself alone that my sister loves.

KANTS. Positive. Then that is agreed. I'll call the Princess. Lydia! We shall be as happy as doves in a cage.

*Enter LYDIA, attended by ladies.*

KANTS. Come hither, child. You know I am a man of iron will. Now, I have suddenly determined that you shall not marry the Prince Svertikoff.

LYD. How delightful! But why, uncle.

KANTS. Because he is too old, or else because you are too young. I should think that my dear friend Major Vladimir would be more likely to meet your approval.

LYD. But really—all this is so very sudden, and so unexpected.

KANTS. No matter. You know my iron will. Let us get the wedding over before Fatinitza's

arrival. Luckily everything is in readiness. I told them to make preparations for my own marriage.

*Enter Guests.*

KANTS (*bowing*). Welcome all, friends. Behold the happy pair. Let us lose no time in making them still happier. To the Chapel! When you return I will present to you my bride.

JUL. Lucky dog: I wish you joy. By-the-bye, where is the ring that the General slipt on Fatinitza's finger when that little matrimonial engagement occurred? Right; now leave everything to me.

CHORUS.

Joy, joy, joy to the bride,  
Whose beauty beams before us.—

Her praises chant in chorus.

Sing, sing, loudly we sing;

Thus lovely prize we bring.

Ev'ry faithful heart rejoices.

Lift up your hearts and voices.

Peal, peal nuptial bells,

A hymn to extol her beauty;

Each glad note that swells,

Exults in the welcome duty.

Far, far your greetings fling;

Make all the welkin ring. Hurrah.

Fatinitza, Fatinitza, who can paint those charms  
of thine?

Bright be the future that dawns this day before thee.

Fatinitza, Fatinitza—sure those graces half divine,

Must, like a spell, compel the coldest to adore thee.

KANTS. At last I shall again behold her. Thunder and lightning! A negress! Dog, what means this vile imposture? I'll have you flayed alive.

WINKA. I declare the lady's name is Fatinitza, your Excellency.

*Enter JULIAN.*

JUL. I can explain all. Winka has been deceived. This letter is from—pardon this tear, General—from poor Fatinitza herself. I dread the worst.

KANTS. Give it me. Quick! "Beloved, when this reaches you I shall be no more. My affection for you—the anguish of our separation—have brought me to an early grave. I return the pledge of our betrothal. Farewell. The last name on my lips will be that of Timofey Kantschakoff. Ever thine, Fatinitza." Really, this is extremely touching.

VLAD. Thank Goodness it's over. How have you managed about Fatinitza?

JUL. I've killed her. A broken heart!

VLAD. What a relief! [*To KNANTS.*] Congratulate me, uncle.

KANTS. Bless you, my children. Be happy!

FINAL CHORUS.

# FATINITZA.

## RUSSIAN MARCH.—(1st Act.)

ARZIALE.

Musical score for 'RUSSIAN MARCH.—(1st Act.)'. The score is written in 2/4 time and consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The second system also has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The music is in a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and features a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The piece is marked 'ARZIALE'.

## THE BASHI-BAZOUKS.

*Allegretto.*

Musical score for 'THE BASHI-BAZOUKS.'. The score is written in 2/4 time and consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The second system also has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The music is in a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and features a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The piece is marked 'Allegretto'.



The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is a vocal line in treble clef, and the lower staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and dynamic markings like 'K' and 'X'.

KISSMETT DUET.—(2d Act.)

The first system of the duet consists of two staves. The upper staff is a vocal line in treble clef, and the lower staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 6/8. The music includes various rhythmic patterns and dynamic markings.

The second system of the duet consists of two staves. The upper staff is a vocal line in treble clef, and the lower staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has three sharps and the time signature is 6/8. The music continues with complex rhythmic figures and dynamic markings.

The third system of the duet consists of two staves. The upper staff is a vocal line in treble clef, and the lower staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has three sharps and the time signature is 6/8. The music concludes with a *ritardando* marking.

The fourth system of the duet consists of two staves. The upper staff is a vocal line in treble clef, and the lower staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has three sharps and the time signature is 6/8. The system includes first and second endings, labeled '1st' and '2d'.



TERZETT.—(3 Acte.)

2/4

3

# Weber Upright Piano has no Rival.

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## ETELKA GERSTER TO WEBER.

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NEW YORK, December 16th, 1878, }  
CLARENDON HOTEL. }

DEAR MR. WEBER : Thanks for the Grand Piano you have sent me. I like it *very much*, and find it *very excellent*. I shall be happy to *recommend* your fine instruments on *every occasion*.

ETELKA GERSTER.

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## ALBANI TO WEBER.

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Monday, Feb. 15th, 1875.

MR. WEBER : Dear Sir—I should be happy to see you, if convenient, as on Wednesday I sail for England—recalled suddenly by Mr. Gye—needless to say how regretfully, after so many pleasant evenings in America.

I used your splendid pianos here and about the Provinces, and have been thoroughly satisfied with them.

They deservedly merit the high distinction they have obtained.

With many sincere thanks, believe me,

Yours sincerely,

EMMA ALBANI.

---

JOHANN STRAUSS, homeward bound, accompanied by a **WEBER UPRIGHT PIANO**, which he purchased for his Music Room in Vienna, in order to show his friends the **BEST PIANO IN THE WORLD** :

CLARENDON HOTEL, July 12th, 1872.

MY DEAR MR. WEBER: Many thanks, in which my wife joins, for the beautiful Upright Piano you were kind enough to send me to my room during my stay in your city. It has astonished me beyond measure. The fullness of its tone, its thorough musical quality, so even throughout, and the easiness and compactness of its touch, I have never before met. How so small an instrument can contain a perfect orchestra surprises me. The Grand Piano used at the Academy at my concerts, only heightens my opinion of your work. I assure you I have never yet seen any pianos which equal yours. My heartiest wishes for your health and success.

JOHANN STRAUSS.

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